



T O *Berington / P*
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
JAMES III.

KING OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE,
AND IRELAND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH &c.

Fata viam invenient. *Aeneid.* 3.



HEN Brooding FATES design'd to bless the Earth
With the great gift of, HERCULES'S birth;
They held à Consult, by what means to raise
The Boy to greatness from his infant-days;
To make à Perfect HERO; and his Name
The present Age's Pride and future Glory's Theme.

The First propos'd, He should from tender Years
Be freed from dangers, and exempt from Cares;
Blest with the fruits of happiness and Ease,
None to controul and nothing to displease;
Nurst and wrapt up in Natures sweetest Charms

Never to hear disasters or Alarms ;
That products of the Earth and Seas and Air
To make him happy should in one conspire ;
That Joys and Glories should around Him crowd
To Rise and shine and Set without à Cloud.

No says the Next, He  born the Heir
Of endless Crowns and the Worlds Emperer :
Let rich PACTOLUS pour out all his Store
To glut ev'n Av'rice with the envious Ore ;
Let PHOEBUS, the first day He mounts his Throne,
Salute Him King of all he shines upon,
Monarks and Potentates adore His Rod
And Fortune stand and wait His mighty Nod.

At this the Third arose serenely great
And striking thrice with awe her Iron Seat, }
Spoke the Boys Dest'ny as became à Fare.
To make Him Great let him begin to try
What vertue is from his first Infancy :
Let Heaven and Earth raise Tryalls for his worth,
And envious JUNO strive to stifle' him in his Birth :
Let Serpents by his Infant hand to dye
In gaping swarms around his Cradle lye :

Let him experience and at once engage
A Stepdames malice, Cunning, Spite and Rage :
Let the fierce HYDRA guard the watry Post,
And with her Venome poyson all the Coast :
Let CERBERUS, and all his hellish foes
Stand vainly barking at him as He goes :
Let men and Monsters his attempts with stand
To fall the Victime of his mighty Hand.
When thus the way to Glory he has found,
And fac'd and brav'd out dangers all around,
The World shall own Him worthy to be Crownd.
Agreed they cry'd ; with that she turnd the Wheel,
And spunn his Fate in everlasting steel.
Then did glad people see the Hero born,
And paid their homage to his Glory's Morn :
Thus had we HERCULES, thus did he prove
The Pride of Earth and Love of Gods above,
And each Heroick Action spoke Him Son of Jove.

GREAT PRINCE, what Poets feign who cannot see
Or is, or shall be veryfy'd in Thee?
How many thousand ways have envious Foes
Contriv'd thy rising Greatness to oppose :
Scarce had the ROYAL INFANT breath'd the Air

But F A T E ev'n then à Tryall does prepare.
Scarce had his rising beamsdisplay'd their light,
But it was screecht at by the Birds of Night ,
And Snakes their Venome sputterd at his sight.
The hissing H Y D R A gap'd with sevenfold Jaws,
And monstrous forms grasp'd at him ith with their Paws..
Some bark'd , some falsely smil'd , some combin'd force
And Arms and Art apply'd to cut his destin'd Course.

Dash't in their hopes , with Jealous Eys they watch
His growing Fate and still fresh Mischiefs hatch.
How vain's the Power of Man to Powrs above !
He's still secure whom Heavens preserve and love.
In spite of Heav'n once more conspiring bands.
Against his Life lift up their impious hands.
Earth, Air and Rocks and Seas his arms oppose ,
And fortune's rang'd in battle with his Foes.
Then floating Monsters hem him in, whose breath
Brings Thunder , Fire and Smoke, and Blood and Death.
At one alone the ratling Vollies fly ,
In one they place their Loss or Victory.
With that kind Heav'n thrust out its powerfull Arm
78 And sav'd its Darling Favorite from harm:

Then said, Return my care secure and free
And shew thou yield'st not to thy Foes, but me.
Thus still he lives secure, and lives and Reigns,
And as the sun obscur'd by foggy Plains
Surmounts the mists at last, and from on high
Looks down and sees'em by his lustres dye,
So shall the thick'ning Clouds of Enemies
Scatter and fall as his bright Glorys rise.

And now BELLONA calls to arms and wars,
To form the HERO in the school of Mars;
To tune his soul to thunders and Alarms;
And Mould his members with the Loads of Arms.
But Here Auspicious Providence intends
To lay foundations Proper for her ends;
Allseing, and All-wise she means to raise
Her HERO'S Glory by as Glorious Ways:
By Weath'ring opposition, is her scheme
To raise, not His, but, evry Hero's Name
In spite of Fortune, to the pitch of Fame.
For thisshe Calls her destin'd Champion forth,
Forelaying previous Trials for His worth.
And like a prudent Mistress do's prepare

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A Hard and dreadfull noviceship of War.
Where new redoubling difficultys show
What Thorns around the Martiall laurel Grow :
Where Winter's Cold, and summer's Heat by Turns
Or by its nipping starves, or by its scorching Burns;
Where labours, Toyls, and Dangers Hand in Hand
Where e're he moves in opposition stand :
Where Haughty Pow'r full foes in num'rous swarms,
Infest His Marches, and insult his arms,
Where M A R S in all His Horrid shapes appears;
Deaths fill His eys, and dismall sounds His ears:
where Hardships, Losses, ill-success Combine
To show Him what to Bear, what to decline.
Through all He goes intrepid, and unmov'd,
And knows that he, who's by such tryals prov'd
Is sure to be by Great BELLONA Lou'd.
Thus safe and Guarded by an Angels care
He passes through the Elements of warre:
Learns all that M A R S can teach, and lays up store
Of Rules, His Warlike Genius Fram'd Before;
The Plants of future Laurels; which shall spread
And Grow with him to Crown his ROYAL HEAD.

Live then , AUSPICIOUS PRINCE , and think thy fate
Is what alone makes HEROES truly Great.
Dangers and Labours are but Glorys feed ,
She loves sometimes to see her Champions bleed :
He who from FATES nere had a Cross-graind Lot
The better half of Glory never got :
Tis by these means propitious Fates conspire
The more thy fortune frowns to raise thy Greatness higher ;
To make a HERO FATES know best the way
Whom They direct , he's sure to get the Day ;
If they vast Storms of crowding Dangers raise ,
Tis but to scatter through the World thy Praise ,
And make thy vertues known . ~~was~~ so with HERCULES .
Bring then , Ye Powrs , Bring Battles , Dangers , Toyls ,
To glut your Favrite with Triumphant Spoils :

Oh were BARDS Prophets , as They'de seem to bee ,
I'de sing , young HERO thy great destiny :
I'de search the deep recesses of thy Fate
And show what Trinmphs for thy vertue wait :
I'de show Three Kingdomes Vows and Prayers in THEE
Fulfilld beyond their wish'd Felicity :
Methinks I see him in full MAJESTY

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And at his Throne three Kingdoms prostrate lye.

MYRIADS of JO-POEANS fill my ear,

And clamorous Joys run ecchôing through the Air:

Bring bring fresh Laurels for the Conquerer !

But stay ! J catch these Joys with too much haste

Anticipation spoils the After-taste:

Then cease to Prophecy, my MUSE, but yet

Tell, tell the World, vvhhat ere it be, his Fate

From such beginnings must, nay cannot but be Great

B NO 63

SIMON BERINGTON Priest
& Present Professour of Poetry
in the English Colledge at
Doway.